

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 23.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 179.

The Poet's Corner.

HAVE PATIENCE.

A youth and maid, one winter night,
Were sitting in the corner;
His name, we're told, was Joshua White,
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty maiden said,
Beside the young man sitting;
Her cheeks were flushed a rosy red,
Her eyes bent on her knitting.

Nor could he guess what thoughts of him
Were to her bosom flocking.
As her fair fingers, swift and slim,
Flew round and round the stocking.

While, as for Joshua, bashful youth,
His words grew few and fewer,
Though all the time, to tell the truth,
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meanwhile the ball of yarn gave out,
She knit so fast and steady,
And he must give his aid, no doubt,
To get another ready.

He held the skein; of course the thread
Got tangled, snarled and twisted;
"Have patience," cried the artless maid,
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was that for tongue-tied churl
To shorten all palaver!
"Have Patience!" cried he, "dearest girl,
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done. No more that night
Clicked needles in the corner;
And she is Mrs. Joshua White
That once was Patience Warner.

THE SPHINX OF THE TUILERIES.

Out of the Latin Quarter
I came to the lofty door,
Where the two marble Sphinxes guard
The Pavillon de Flore.
Two Cockneys stood by the gate, and one
Observed, as they turned to go,
"No wonder he likes that sort of thing—
He's a Sphinx himself, you know."

I thought as I walked where the garden glowed,
In the sunset's level fire,
Of the Charlatan whom the Frenchmen loathe,
And the Cockneys all admire.
They call him a Sphinx—it pleases him—
And if we narrowly read,
We shall find some truth in the funkey's praise,
The man is a Sphinx indeed.

For the Sphinx with breast of woman,
And face so debonair,
Had the sleek false paws of a lion,
That could furtively seize and tear.
So far to the shoulders,—but if you took
The beast in reverse, you would find
The ignoble form of a craven cur
Was all that lay behind.

She lived by giving to simple folk
A silly riddle to read,
And when they failed she drank their blood,
In cruel and ravenous greed.
But at last came one who knew her word,
And she perished in pain and shame.—
This bastard Sphinx leads the same base life,
And his end will be the same.

For an Oedipus-People is coming fast—
With swelled feet limping on,
If they shout his true name once aloud
His false foul power is gone.
Afraid to fight and afraid to fly,
He cowers in abject shiver;
The people will come to their own at last,
God is not mocked forever.

JOHN HAY.

Our Special Contributors.

KEEPING THE WOLF AWAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY BERTIE BRUCE.

CHAPTER I.

The slanting rays of a September sun
beamed upon a group of people gathered
about an open grave, in a country church-
yard, some twenty miles from the city of —. The mourners were few, a weeping widow and daughter, a brother and his wife, and some of the nearest neighbors. When all was over, they returned to the house of mourning, as is the custom in country communities, and soon after the brother with his wife took leave for their home in the city.

The neighbors pressed around to assure the widow of their sympathy, but welcome as were these assurances to her stricken heart, they grated upon her, and her daughter May, a girl of eighteen, begged their kind neighbors to excuse her mother for the evening, and when she had seen the last one depart she joined her, and they mingled their tears together.

John Sidney died tranquilly, fully believing that his wife and daughter were well provided for, and that their interests were safe in the hands of his partners.

A few days after the funeral, the senior partner, Mr. Ward, called upon the widow, and informed her that the firm was insolvent, that he had made an assignment for the benefit of the creditors, that her house was included in the assignment, that the assignee would call in a few days to take possession, and concluded by advising her to claim the exemption of three hundred dollars worth of goods, and to seek another home.

Stunned and bewildered, alone and helpless, the widow knew not where to turn for help or advice. Her only living relative, a brother, had long resided in the West Indies; indeed, she knew not whether he were still living, as she had not heard from him for years. Her husband's brother was a member of the firm of which he had been the senior partner; she was compelled to accept the version of the condition of affairs, as given by Mr. Ward, as correct, or to petition the courts to appoint a receiver, and have the books investigated. This was a step she was not prepared to take for several reasons. Trusting and honoring herself, and almost ignorant of the world, she was unwilling to admit that either Mr. Ward, now the senior, or her brother-in-law, had deliberately defrauded her of her rights. While her arraignment of them, she argued, would alienate their friendship from her, she would be incurring legal expenses, which she could ill afford, and which an investigation would most probably prove to have been useless.

Accepting, therefore, the account of the remaining partners as correct, she set about preparing for a removal from the home she had learned to love.

A year before her husband's death, his health failing, he had retired from active business, and purchasing a comfortable home, twenty miles from the city, removed to it with his wife and daughter, hoping by a few years of rest from the cares of business, to re-establish his health and prolong his life. The change was made too late to bring about the desired result, and a year after his retirement he calmly laid down his life, his confidence of his own acceptance with his maker not stronger than his belief that the dear ones left would be comfortable during their sojourn here.

After many consultations, the widow and her daughter, perceiving the necessity of personal exertion for their support, and finding no field for such exertion in their neighborhood, concluded to return to the city, hire rooms, and then see what could be done.

They had friends in the city, who no doubt would receive them until they could find suitable lodgings. The brother-in-law was married, and lived in handsome style, but when Mrs. Sidney wrote to him, informing him of her intention of returning to the city, he did not reply to the letter.

There was a relative of her husband, an aunt, and her two daughters, spinsters of thirty-six and eight, who had always been her friends; that is, if many and prolonged visits to her were proofs of friendship. They were in straightened circumstances, and lived in a very poor way, in a very mean street, but their poverty and consequent privations commanded them to Mrs. Sidney's kindness and consideration as no wealth could have done, and ever since her admission into the family she had striven to atone somewhat for the neglect with which they were treated by others of their relatives.

She invited them to her house on all festive occasions, and as she resided in an open and airy situation, and they in close and pestilent quarters, she had frequently persuaded them to close their house during the hottest weather and stay with her, an invitation they were always glad to accept. During the past summer they thankfully complied with her request to visit her in her country home, and seemed very grateful for the privilege of exchanging their close, unwholesome house, for the airy rooms, wide piazzas, and velvety lawns of their kind hostess.

Had she been less charitable in her judgments, she might have remembered that at a time when she lived more plainly, soon after her marriage, these people seldom visited her. She might also have observed, if she had not been so determined to see nothing but good in them, that they habitually neglected all their relatives who did not live in good style, or from whom nothing could be expected.

The only thing in them of which she did

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not approve, was their patient submission to snubs and patronizing from their rich relations, from whose skirts they could not be shaken, and their ready and humble acceptance of invitations to small family parties, while being excluded from the larger assemblies, where presentation to fashionable friends would be unavoidable. But, while she was indignant with these rich relations for their treatment of her poor friends, she felt only pity for the toadies, and strove in all possible ways, to prove to them that their poverty could not lower them in her esteem, at least. Had she been better acquainted with the lowest, meanest traits of human character, she would have known that the toady, who is insensible to, or unmindful of snubs, kicks and cuffs, is also incapable of a true and lasting affection, and that to such a nature the sense of obligation alone is sufficient to excite hate when the object of it is no longer able to confer benefits, but has a strong claim to receive them.

To these people Mrs. Sidney concluded to write, never doubting that her claim upon their kindness would meet with the heartiest recognition, and that she would be gladly welcomed for a few days, until she could look about and settle herself. Strong in this confidence she wrote, desiring to know whether it would be convenient for them to receive her for a few days, and stating her intention of hiring rooms and going to work. May would not accompany her at present, as she had accepted an invitation to visit a school friend.

A week after she received a reply from Martha Patterson, the eldest daughter, coldly saying that she, her mother and sister were then visiting a relation near the city, that they did not know when they should return to town, and that they would be obliged if she would defer her visit a few weeks. As this was impossible, under the circumstances, she wrote to Mr. Ward, requesting him to engage board for her at a cheap boarding-house. Before his answer arrived, she received a second letter from Miss Patterson, saying that she had spoken to Mrs. Sidney's brother-in-law of her intended return to town, and she had understood that he expected her to stop at his house. As Mrs. Sidney had received from him no invitation or intimation to that effect, she could not accept one given so vaguely, and a few days after, she received an answer from Mr. Ward, announcing that he had secured a room for her, which would be ready at the time desired, adding that he was surprised that she should prefer to live with strangers when her brother-in-law's house was open to her.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Sidney, "if it was open to me, he was careful not to intimate the fact to me."

When May was fairly off, Mrs. Sidney packed her boxes, bade farewell to a home that had many painful as well as pleasant associations for her, and prepared to face the world.

What that means it is needless to say to any woman who has been obliged to bare her head to the storm of adversity, and suffer its peltings, alone and unaided. When Mrs. Sidney left the train, and entered the car that was to carry her into the city, she felt how easy it would be to die, then and there. O, how far easier than to plunge into that cold sea, amid the breakers of which she was henceforth to

struggle, perhaps to go down at last, when too worn and weary to struggle longer. But struggle she must, or starve, or die that moral death, which so many poor creatures, weak and weary, accept in preference to slow starvation.

When she left the car, a short walk brought her to her destination; and ringing at the door of a shabby genteel house, in a street that had once been respectable, but was now given up to boarding-houses of the cheaper sort, small-shops, etc., she waited long before the door opened, which it did at length with a shake and a rattle that threatened its demolition. A slatternly woman held it half open, as if to dispute Mrs. Sidney's entrance, and said:

"An' who is it yez wants to see thin?"

"I am the lady who has engaged a room here," replied Mrs. Sidney, sick already at the prospect before her.

"Thin will yez place come intil the parlor, while I call the mistress," and leading the way, she then opened a door, and ushered Mrs. Sidney into a dark, dingy little room, where she sank upon a springless sofa, and burying her face in her handkerchief, wept bitter, bitter tears.

A few moments after, a second woman, more respectable in appearance than the other, entered, and her face, though sad and care-worn, looked not unkindly upon her desolate guest. A glance showed this to Mrs. Sidney, and feeling a shade less wretched in the consciousness of sympathy, she rose and introduced herself as the new boarder.

"I fear," said Mrs. Webb, the hostess, "you will be disappointed by the character of your accommodations, for you seem to be accustomed to something better than anything I can offer you, but if you can be content, I will make you as comfortable as circumstances admit of."

Mrs. Sidney was agreeably surprised by this speech, as, in tone and accent, she recognized a lady, well-bred, kind-hearted, and apparently fitted by personal experience to appreciate and sympathize with her sufferings.

She gently thanked her, and begged to be shown at once to her room. Mrs. Webb led the way up two narrow, winding flights of stairs, to the third floor, back, the door of which she pushed open, and Mrs. Sidney entered.

The room was mean and dark, though clean, and scanty and plain as was the furniture, some attempt had evidently been made to render it comfortable and home-like.

(CONTINUED.)

WOMAN BY A MAN.

"Women are rum critters, Samivel!"

What a true remark of our stout friend that is. If he had been the oldest brother of nine beautiful and talented sisters as I am, he would have found out that this seemingly comprehensive speech did not do them justice, however.

As I said before, I am the oldest of nine of these wonderful institutions; what a happy fate for an extraordinary man, but, alas! I am only an ordinary one, and they bewilder me.

These fair and lovely creatures are of all ages, sizes, and dispositions; and I have made them, together with a small army of cousins, a special study for years.

I have often laid the flattering unction to my soul, that at last I knew their tricks and their manners, and yet they come it over me day after day in a way I despise.

I am, well—not twenty-four; bald, of course, everybody is; and you print so badly in these days that I have to hold the paper a little further from me than I did when I was sixteen. I do not care particularly, on a very stormy night, to leave a comfortable fire for the pleasures of an hours' chat with Angelica, as I did when brave, handsome and twenty-two, (the last only, my dears, having any reference whatever to me), but still I know men a great deal older than I am, which is some consolation.

For the various reasons mentioned above, I am alluded to as "the Sniffin's nice old brother;" (Sniffin's being our family name, a far away ancestor fought under Julius Caesar), am asked about changes in gowns which took place at least eighty years ago; and when ever any one gets married am overwhelmed with questions, relating to the grandfathers of the happy pair; they discuss themselves and their five hundred friends with a great deal of frankness, and I must say, with a great deal of thoroughness, in my presence; and all because I am such a "sweet old gentleman." I have stood this so long, (I could bear the sweet with equanimity), that my flesh wearis of the treatment, and I would like to show them that I am as conscious of their failings as their great admiration, J. Adolphus, first name James, would be, if he heard their conversation, full and free, as I do, year in and year out.

I spoke of my sisters as talented, so they are; all the girls I know are brilliant—in a limited way. None of them belong to the Sorosis; they will never write another "Jane Eyre;" they would as soon study Greek as look at "Samson Agonistes;" "In Memoriam" they pronounce "slow;" "Friends in Council," a very stupid thing, and they read Macauley to put them to sleep.

They like the "Old Fashioned Girl," Tom in particular; think "Red as a Rose is She," lovely, would rather have been the author of "Broken to Harness" than Michael Angelo, and speak of Tupper with veneration. My girls can talk steadily for two hours on the "style," whatever that is, of a certain person they may chance to meet, and yet be completely "floored," as Ned says, in his classical way, in five minutes conversation with a mortal, whose soul has risen above buttons.

There are not many smart women in the world; even those who write and are counted wise by their contemporaries are as foolish, in their way, as the thousands who believe that unless ye dress in purple and fine linen ye cannot be saved.

The title of this paper is a blunder; we no longer have a woman among us. The race is extinct.

The Fountain of Youth, that in our childish days was declared a myth, has been at last discovered, and the majority have the monopoly.

Everybody from sixteen up to a hundred and sixteen, maid or wife, is a "girl." Any one who deserves the noble name of woman is denied it, and she is spoken of as a brilliant, fascinating "girl." Surely, when one has traveled through this vale for thirty or forty years they have some right to be separated

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from the great multitude of school children. The only wonder to me is their quiet submission; but this must be where their angelic dispositions come in, of which we hear so much and see so little. If I were a woman, and smart, and they called me a girl, I would raise a crusade, get a petition five miles long, assail Congress, threaten to batter down its walls; unless it spared me the degradation of being classed under such a namby pamby name. Another charming attribute is their loving kindness toward their neighbors. Everybody of the feminine gender who comes before the public, in whatever capacity, is spoken of as radiantly beautiful.

They cannot all be Hebes, but it is a mark of honor to treat each one as if she was "like to the inhabitant of some clear planet close upon the sun," than our man's earth.

The reporters have a regular scale; if dark hair and eyes, she is said to "walk in beauty, like the night of cloudless skies and starry skies." If red locks (honey, Mr. Tilton would say), are her own glory, she is spoken of as "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Some of the originals of these sketches I have seen, but still live comparatively happy, which speaks volumes for my strength of mind.

I have one surprise left me in life; to see the paper edited by a man, which talks of Curtis or Emerson as "the goodliest knight who ever among ladies sat in hall," (a woman would say that if she thought of it), or that mentions Greeley, Bryant, or Cooper as those charming, graceful boys!"

Then the endearing, pet names they have for each other; the good old Mary has departed this life, Minnies and Mamies are all that is left of it. There are no more Elizabeths, Jean Ingelow to the contrary, we hear only of Bessies. The stately Eleanor has sunk into the childish Nellie; and the woman, pardon me, the girl who would be addressed in these days as Jane, would faint at your feet or in your arms. I would like to hear Longfellow called Harry, and I can see in a vision Tennyson's face when spoken to as Alf.

Such earthenware jars as we, unfortunate men, cannot comprehend all the delicate ways of our porcelain neighbors; their graceful little actions often look to us remarkably silly.

Our language is sadly deficient (with respect to adjectives) for the needs of these gushing and enthusiastic "girls." The work that that one poor word "awful" has to do is alarming. Everything from a needle to an anchor is "splendid;" and all natural scenery from Niagara and the Yo Semite down is "cunning;" some, though, prefer "pretty," and a few even use "so nice."

"Listen to any group of civilized looking beings, and you will hear "it was horrible," "I thought I should die," "I was frightened out of my wits." As if they had any, poor things. Some philanthropist should institute a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Helpless Parts of Speech.

One virtue the other sex, "if we may still call them so," possess in perfection. They stick to each other closer than a brother; let any maiden think that she has a genius for lecturing, writing, painting or sculpture and immediately the whole sisterhood declare with one voice that Shakespeare had the assistance of his wife in all his best plays, which were few. Angelo was a bungler, Raphael a

mere dauber, and Phillips's rhapsodies, tales told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

We cannot think at present of any men who, for miserable work, have had the world at their feet, bringing myrrh, frankincense and gold because they had bright eyes and curly hair; but perhaps our cleverer neighbors, who spend their time in raising arguments with which to demolish their brothers, may know of some hyacinthine-locked Adonis, whose face made his fortune.

It may be that in the millennium we shall all be equal; a great work done by a woman will be looked at and admired because it is great, and not because it is good—for a woman; in that day the apostle will have risen who is to proclaim, there is one mighty, even woman, and man is her prophet.

I trust, when all American women, gentle as well as simple, will acknowledge the dignity of work, and see that their truest road to liberty is to earn money for themselves.

For it is quite amusing to see how the most determined old fogies will admit at once that no very great amount of obedience is due from a wife who is supporting the whole family, to a husband who is a good for nothing idler. We all of us have had our opinions with regard to the position of the husband of a boarding-house keeper; and would probably all agree as to which was the head of the family, the tidy, alert, perhaps somewhat sharp landlady, or the shambling, ill-conditioned man, whose very existence is a sort of mystery, and who is seen furtively lurking in dark corners of back entries by boarders who come home at unusual hours. I do not think St. Paul himself would order the woman to "be in subjection unto that husband."

Then again, we have seen the husbands of wealthy heiresses who had sold themselves for money as much as any woman ever did. I remember well one couple. The lady, a plump, good-looking matron of fifty at the time I refer to, the gentleman some years her junior, slender, elegant, with a thin, pale face and uncertain blue eyes; it was whispered that she doled him out so much money every week—for they resided in a State where her property remained hers after marriage, and I can recall the tone of her voice as she asked him once in my accidental hearing: "Mr. Cox, what have you done with that five dollars I gave you this morning?"

The poor man made some meek apology, such as a frightened wife might under similar circumstances, and I recollect, child as I was, feeling a sort of amused satisfaction in the thought that here was one man who must acknowledge "woman's rights."

This incident recalls to my mind the story recently told me by a Southern gentleman of how a man strove, in a measure, to avoid the humiliating consequences of a wealthy marriage. A certain Mr. Leaton married a rich widow named Asken, who carried on a large business in the name of her deceased husband, and insisted, before entering wedlock with Mr. Leaton, that he should assume this name. To this he consented; but persisted always after, in calling himself as before, Leaton, though he spelt his name Asken, alleging that this was his way of pronouncing that combination of letters.

Whether by this singular process of rationalization he maintained any greater independence, I am unable to state.

Now that the opportunities of women in education and business are constantly extending, we may hope for a corresponding increase in the ranks of women who have that self-assertion which honest money earners deserve.

Beyond this right of dictation in money matters, there can be no talk of master or inferior in a truly harmonious marriage. Where love "is lord of all," both husband and wife will think more of making each other happy than of who shall be ruler.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.

Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

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Notes About Women.

—Galena, Ill., enjoys "apron parties."

—A pretender to the Crown—A chignon.

—Clara Barton appeals for suffrage to the soldier boys.

—Can a lover be called a suitor when he don't suit her?

—Kansas ladies are now greatly given to "pie-plant festivals."

—Miss Phoebe Cozzens talks of making Chicago her future home.

—New York belles pay accomplished poodle nurses \$5 a week.

—Japanese young ladies make wonderful pictures of peanut shells.

—Miss Christina Rossetti, the poetess, is recovering from severe illness.

—John Wesley said: "I dare no more fret than curse and swear."

—Mrs. Paralee Haskell has entered upon her duties as State Librarian of Tennessee.

—Definition of a woman who paints—the Lady of the Lake.

—Mary J. Holmes's books have had an aggregate sale of nearly a million copies.

—A blind woman runs a Newark sewing machine and gets eight dollars per week.

—We hear rumor of a Women Suffrage Convention to be held at Long Branch in August.

—Queen Victoria gets \$2,200,000 a year salary, and manages, by strict economy, to get along.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, because she keeps her beau in a quiver.

—It is said that Vinnie Ream is soon to begin modeling a bust of the editor of the *Golden Age*.

—Mrs. Lucretia Mott continues to be a reformer among her sect, the Quakers, though well nigh 80 years old.

—The Queen of Denmark, determined to put a stop to feminine extravagance, is said to drive out in a calico suit.

—"Henpeck" is the name of a post office in Alexandria County, Illinois. It does a small business—mails avoid it.

—German writers are appealing to their compatriots, male and female, neither to read nor translate French romances.

—A lady advertises herself in a morning paper as a teacher for "persons of newly acquired wealth and deficient education."

—There are thirty thousand women and girls in New York who earn their living in the stores and manufactories of the city.

—Girls, never run away from your parents till you are sure the young man you elope with don't intend to run away from you.

—Ordinarily when a lady rides out, she is said "to take an airing;" in Pittsburg, on the contrary, her object is to take a smoking.

—Mary Cary says that if husbands generally knew what their wives thought of them, suicide would be a more common occurrence.

—Maria Griffin, a colored Philadelphian, is to sue the Richmond courts for a \$200,000 estate left her by a Virginian who died twelve years ago.

—A woman advertises in the Nashville papers for her children, saying that she has had twenty-seven, and knows the whereabouts of only three of them.

—At a recent wedding party on a young lady accidentally set her back hair on fire. When it was extinguished she said she was glad it wasn't her best.

—Mrs. Kinney, the keeper of a disreputable house in Troy, died recently. It is said she left property valued at \$15,000 to the orphan asylum and Day home.

—A Boston lady says she would be perfectly happy if she could be sure that after death she would be turned into a grass seed and be planted on the Common.

—An Irish schoolmaster recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all vessels and ships afloat, except mail steamers and men-of-war.

—Mrs. Stowe's serial, running through *Old and New*, viz., *Pink and White Tyranny*, will be issued in book-form next month. She is putting the finishing touches to it.

—A ladies' insurance company has been formed in England with a capital of \$100,000 deposited with the Court of Chancery, as a security for policy holders.

—A very large reception was recently given by the various schools connected with the Cooper Union; The productions of the pupils of the female art school are well spoken of.

—A woman's temper may be told by her hand-writing, it is said, and her taste and breeding may be easily ascertained by the kind of perfumery she uses.

—Madame Bonaparte Wyse Ratazzi, the eccentric, witty, and cynical wife of the ex-Premier of Italy, has named her latest heir "Roma-Isabella-Alexandria-Italia-Maria-Letizia-Alice."

—A young lady who has been married six months, says it is all nonsense to talk about love in a cottage. There is more love in a full flour-barrel than in all the roses and posies and woodbines that ever grew.

—Mr. Beecher says to his people in unequivocal terms: If you have a talent for music, cultivate it, for dancing, cultivate it; whatever gifts God has given you make the most of them, whether of voice, foot or eye.

—Miss Burdett Coutts has offered to make over the Columbia Market on which she has expended \$1,250,000, to the corporation of London, under certain conditions rendering it specially servicable to the poor, for whose benefit it was created.

—Some people make their religion go a long way. A good woman bought a lottery ticket the other day, accompanying the purchase with the soliloquy. "The Lord knows how it'll turn out. It is all in the hands of the Almighty, I s'pose."

—The fortune of Miss Burdett Coutts, recently raised to the peerage by Queen Victoria, is estimated at £10,000,000. She has given to charitable purposes no less than £5,000,000, and will leave large bequests to benevolent institutions after her death.

—An English writer speaks of those amazing American young ladies whose abundant luggage and boundless variety of dress eclipse humbler British travelers on the Continent, no less than their undeniable beauty and intelligence.

—It is said that Queen Victoria intends to reside a few weeks every year on her newly purchased Irish estate in County Kildare, with the hope of diminishing, if possible, the hatred of the Saxon so long and so offensively displayed by her Fenian subjects.

—The New York *Globe* says: The blow of Foster desolated two homes, brought widowhood to two wives, and robbed two children of their paternity. 'Rum did it.' The great temperance lecture of the period—the Foster murder. 'Rum did it.'

—Mrs. Sarah L. Hand, who died at Cape May Court House, N. J. on the third instant, aged ninety-three, was the last survivor of the twelve little girls who strewed flowers before Washington on his passage through Trenton on the way to his first inauguration.

—The main walls for the Hotel for Women, building at the expense of A. T. Stewart, are now in readiness for the ornamental mansard with which the edifice is to be surmounted. The hotel will not be thrown open to guests and boarders before the end of next Spring.

—The Brussels ladies of fashion have long had their apartments so arranged with mirrors that they could tell at once who was calling upon them. This plan has been recently adopted in New York, and works to a charm, as the fair white liars are able to decide immediately whether they are out or not.

—At a New Jersey wedding the other day, the groom was 74 years old, the bride 73. The clergyman was 90 years old, and the bridesmaids 73 and 77. The parties were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, though it was felt that most of them had arrived at years of discretion.

—A lady in St. Louis has made a decided improvement on the ordinary breach of promise suits. Her complaint not only embraces the false lover in its charges, but the gentleman she wanted as a father-in-law also. He had objected to the proposed match, and thereby influenced his son to break it up.

—There is a rumor, it is to be hoped well founded, that a college for women is to be established at Cambridge University, England, in order to give the students all the advantages which that ancient seat of learning affords, such as the lectures of the University professors, the classical and mathematical courses, and the use of the library.

—A California paper says: A party en route for the Yosemite, including Mrs. Albert D. Richardson and Mrs. Sinclair, of the New York *Tribune*, and daughter, on May 25th, passed the entire distance through under the natural bridge of Calaveras, over a quarter of a mile, wading several underground streams—a feat never before accomplished by ladies.

—President Stille, in a carping and unfair address, before the American Medical Association, on the propriety of admitting woman delegates, gave utterance to a singular piece of inconsistency. Speaking of woman, he said:

"We admit that she is in some sense a perfect man and was created a little lower than the angels."

—A young lady of Bamborough, N. Y., made a bargain with Curtiss Cooper some fifteen years ago, whereby she was to have a "ewe lamb and its increase until she was 21 years old," in exchange for a gold watch key. She was but 6 years of age at the time, and now sues Mr. Cooper for 18,064 lambs, or their value, which, at \$4 per head, is \$84,526.

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—A lady writes to the *New York Post* that, if Mr. Putnam, who was killed by a ruffian while protecting a mother and daughter from insult in a New York street car, has left any family who were dependent upon him, it is the duty of the women of this city to see that the family is placed in a position never to know one care which money or sympathy can relieve.

—This is Celia Burleigh's idea of womanhood demanded by the present age: All the best attributes of humanity—tenderness without weakness, trust without credulity, modesty without prudery, dignity without haughtiness, self respect without conceit, confidence without boldness, courage without coarseness, goodness without pietism and reverent worship without superstition.

—The benefit young ladies derive from freely distributing their photographs to young gentlemen acquaintances is illustrated by the following story:

"Not long ago a very pious young lady of Hudson, New York, gave her photograph to a devoted admirer for his locket. Two days afterward her brother found it on the floor of a billiard saloon, decorated with a pair of mustaches and an immense cigar, artistically done with a pin."

—It is well known that Mlle Nilsson has indorsed several different pianofortes, each being the best, and we now have her opinion upon articles of food. A firm of fish dealers of Chicago publish the following in their advertisement:—

Sirs: Them codfish is elegant, their flavor is high, so is them Herron. I recommend them as I do you to all livers of good eatin.

Respy' CHRISTINE NILSSON.

—An English medical journal mentions it as a singular fact, "that women, as a rule, will not confide in a physician of their own sex. They will talk to a man about the most delicate symptoms incident to sickness, and positively refuse the same information to a woman doctor." We want something more to corroborate the above than merely a bare statement from some male physician unsupported by the least show of facts. It is against nature and common-sense.

—A discussion was recently raised in the Connecticut legislature, on the propriety of appointing a special committee to consider the subject of woman suffrage, but the House finally decided to let the petitions on the subject go to the Committee on Constitutional Amendments. There are many strong advocates of the right of woman to the franchise in the legislature, and although the boon of a special committee was not accorded this year, the interest is evidently on the increase.

—We copy from the correspondence of the *New Bedford Mercury* the following accurate description of one of our most esteemed and gifted New York literary women:

The talented editress of *Harper's Bazar*, is a most charming and interesting lady. Imagine a woman slightly above the middle height, with fine figure, fair English complexion, very prominent forehead, thoughtful gray eyes, looking through eye-glasses, she is near sighted, a large mouth, disclosing two rows of pretty teeth, soft brown hair, smoothly brushed back over a Pompadour roll, and you have a correct picture of Miss Booth. She is a native of New England, is a hard student and accomplished scholar. During the four years she has edited the *Bazar*, she has been absent from the office but twenty days. Besides the \$4,000 salary received from *Harper's*, Miss Booth realizes a handsome income from her translations, which are models in their way for clearness of diction and purity of style. She owns several valuable houses in the city, and lives in quiet elegance in Madison avenue.

—In opening the summer course of lectures at Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, Dr. Keiller stated that, had Miss Elizabeth Garrett entered into competition at the written examination of the previous year, she would have carried off the first prize. Dr. Keiller said that, on handing the diploma of Doctor of Medicine to Miss Garrett, now Mrs. Garrett Anderson, he had the satisfaction of telling her that she was entitled to the first medal, and that if there were to be many graduates like her, the male students might have no small difficulty in keeping their ground.

—Lady Amberly, who is delivering lectures in England on Woman's Suffrage, recently paid a handsome and just tribute to Lucretia Mott, the noble champion for the cause of Woman's Suffrage in America. Mrs. Mott was one of the first as she was one of the ablest of the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement, but to Elizabeth Cady Stanton must be awarded the honor of being the first to demand "the elective franchise for woman." A step which Lucretia Mott deprecated, though she afterwards gave it her hearty approval.

—An American princess seems a ridiculous contradiction in terms, but such there actually are. An exchange informs us that Miss Parsons (now Princess von Lynar) will be one of the several American Princesses within the new "Reich," taking position as such after Miss Leclercq, of Baltimore, the widow of Prince Felix, a cadet of the mediatised and mediæval house of Salm-Salm, and Miss Lee of New York, the widow of the Prince of Nace, a scion of the royal house of Holstein Gottrop, actually reigning to-day on the thrones of Denmark and Greece.

—We hear from far away Greeley, in Colorado, that the visit of those redoubtable women, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, will be greeted with joy. The town has been raised on "Tribune milk," but for all that, at a debate on woman suffrage last fall, the advocates won the day. This lusty young settlement is said to be a capital stopping place for voyagers to California. The hotel is better than the large one at Salt Lake City; the weather is perfect, and the wonderful mountains are themselves worth a trip of two thousand miles. We predict that our wandering stars will have a memorable time there.

—Mrs. Jane Swisshelm is in favor of men as cooks, and by way of illustration, relates the following: "I never knew the significance of the impulse which leads all boys to want to bake griddle-cakes, until I saw a French half-breed from Selkirk, beside his ironless cart, on the open prairie, preparing his evening meal. He had a large fish broiling on the coals without any intervention of a gridiron. His batter and his flapjacks were in a bucket. He heated and greased a long handled sheet-iron frying-pan, poured in enough batter to cover the bottom, set it over the fire, kept on serenely attending to other matters, as though no 'flapjacks' were in danger of being burned, as it would have been if any woman had set it to bake; but just at the right moment he came up, looked into the pan, took hold of the handle, shook it gently, then with a sudden jerk sent the cake spinning into the air, caught it as it came down square in the centre, with the other side up. The cake was turned as no woman could have turned it, and with an ease which showed that the man was in his proper sphere."

—Miss Viola R. Crowe, a recent graduate of Vassar College, has become associate editor of the *Hudson (Wis.) Democrat*. She has written much for *Harper's Monthly*, and other periodicals.

—The first number of the *Northwest*, a new woman's rights organ, hailing from far away Portland, Oregon, has found its way to our sanctum, and is at once commended to favor by the name of its editor, Mrs. A. J. Duniway. The readers of THE REVOLUTION are already acquainted with the products of Mrs. Duniway's spicy pen, and can well understand that nobody is likely to go to sleep over a paper which she conducts. This initial number promises a brilliant ally to the woman cause.

—An Illinois friend writes us as follows: General J. L. Beveridge addressed the Pro and Con Club, of Evanston, at its last meeting, at the residence of Rev. James Baume, pastor of the M. E. Church, on the Civil Disabilities of Married Women Under the Laws of Illinois. It was a masterly address, and being concise, was quite exhaustive. Though principally a compilation of facts, it was truth stranger than fiction, and a spirit of earnest sincerity breathed through his denunciations of the Common Law, now the law of the State, which makes a married woman a civil nonentity.

The Chicago Woman's Suffrage Association has requested the General to repeat the address at their matinee.

Gen. Beveridge, our Senator from Cook county, is chairman of a very novel committee, that of "Social and Domestic Relations," and he has introduced several bills, which, if passed, will make Illinois one of the most advanced States in the new civilization.

—We clip from the *Evening Mail* the following genuine and appreciative bit of criticism: "We are refreshed, after the reading of many bad books and much trash in the supply of fiction now before us, by Miss Virginia F. Townsend's novel of 'The Mills of Taxbury.' This book will do any body good, and we find it also quite as entertaining as most of those more highly 'spiced,' if not more. It is a fine, fresh story of life in the mills, bringing us among actual men and women, of low and high degree, whom it is well for us to know. It is very natural and realistic, admirably written, and varying from quiet simplicity to powerful pathos in such wise as becomes a writer who studies from the life. If more of us could know, really know, what an awful, awful thing it is not to have any money, not any way to earn money, how there is no sorrow of sin or shame or loss which in constant wear, day after day, sums up such an awful aggregate of hard misery, our charity for the poor would soon show its fruit in the prevention of crime. Know it from this book! Loring is the publisher and has added some illustrations by Merrill which are much better than we are apt to find in novels."

—Mr. James, in a letter which we publish this week, takes us to task for endorsing the Indiana divorce law, recently amended. We endorsed it in no other way than by saying it was well for Indiana to save her honor at the expense of her pocket, as it is well understood that the divorce business was formerly a source of large profit to the lawyers of the State. Published statements, the accuracy of which cannot be denied, concur in showing that numerous abuses flourished under the former law, and it does seem a pity that Indiana should be made the scape-goat for all the marital unhappiness of the land. What we said pertained more to the extension of actual *bona fide* residence within the State to three years than to anything else, and we can see no reason why that rule, rigidly enforced, might not produce salutary results. We believe Mrs. Stanton's scheme of a national divorce court the best ever proposed. What we want to see is this whole divorce business taken out of the hands of the meanest, most disreputable lawyers in the country, and put into the hands of the wisest and best.

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Our Mail Bag.

A RULE THAT SHOULD WORK BOTH WAYS.

ROCHESTER, May 27, 1871.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Your "Stand by the Cause," this week, is the timely word to the friends of woman suffrage. The present howl is an old trick of the arch-fiend to divert public thought from the main question, viz.: Woman's Equal Freedom, and Equal Power to make and control her own conditions in the State, in the Church, and most of all, in the Home.

Though the ballot is the open sesame to equal rights, there is a fundamental law that cannot be violated with impunity between woman and man, any more than between man and woman. And that law was thus expressed a hundred years ago by Alexander Hamilton, "Give to a man a right over my subsistence, and he has a power over my whole moral being." Under the present regime woman's subsistence is in the hands of man; and most arbitrarily and unjustly does he exercise his consequent power—making two moral codes: One for himself, with largest latitude—swearing, chewing, smoking, drinking, gambling, libertinism—all winked at. Cash and brains making for him a free pass everywhere.

Quite unlike is his code for woman. She must be immaculate—birth, family, fame. One hair's breadth deviation from the narrowest line, or even the touch of the hem of the garments of an *accused* sister, dooms her to the world's scorn. Man demands that his wife shall be above suspicion. Woman must accept her husband as he is, hoping only to be able to endure to the end. And against this, woman is powerless, so long as she eats the bread of dependence. Human nature is human nature the world over. Were the tables turned, and man, to-day, dependent on woman for his subsistence; and, thereby, she possessed of "power to control his whole moral being." I have no doubt he would very soon find himself compelled to square his life to an entirely new code, one, too, not one whit less severe than that to which he now holds woman. In moral rectitude, woman would not have woman *less*, but man *more*. And it is to put an end to such heresies as the following, from the Rochester *Democrat*, that all women should most earnestly "work and wait." That paper begs us not to forget, "That what may be pardonable in a man, speaking of evils generally, may and perhaps ought to be unpardonable in one of the presumably better sex; because there cannot and must not be perfect equality between men and women when the disposition to do wrong is under discussion. Women are permitted to be as much better than men as they choose; but there ought to be no law, on or off the statute books, recognizing their social and political right to be as bad or even worse than men; and it is shameful that intelligent women should claim such a right, or be bold enough to mention it at all."

No human being or class of human beings would dare to talk thus to equals.

It is only that women are dependent on men—beggars—who can neither make nor unmake political parties and papers that such cowardly impudence can be dished out to them, day by day, by puny legislators and editors, them-

selves reeking in social corruptions, that should banish them forever from the presence of all womanhood.

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways." And so soon as woman gets the power to make the moral code for man, he will find her requirements for social purity in him even above and beyond that of his for her now, else I am mistaken.

Yours for an even handed scale in morals as well as politics,

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

PROGRAMME OF WORK.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24th, 1871.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Permit me to answer through your columns the question of Mr. E. Bennett, East Bridgewater, Mass., which will answer the same question for five hundred others. You say, Mr. B., that you are a legal voter, and thoroughly believe in woman suffrage—have circulated a petition in your neighborhood—but are not satisfied with this, and ask what more can I do? I answer, so far so good. But you can do more. Organize a woman suffrage county or town committee—be sure you get a wide awake committee—make it as large as you please, but put the work in the hands of three or five, as an executive. You will do more in this way than with a society and complicated machinery.

Start right here.—*Woman is entitled to vote under the Constitution and its amendments;* then let your committee plan ways and means to make this the sentiment of East Bridgewater, and roll up a huge petition to Congress, asking for a declaratory law. Get this petition to Washington, January 1st, 1872, addressed to Secretary National Committee, Mrs. J. S. Griffing.

Allow me to suggest that your committee raise \$10, as a first step, and send to the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, ordering five hundred copies of Riddle's Constitutional argument, and five hundred of the late "appeal to women" of America, and so kindle a fire at every hearthstone and put the ball in motion. Solicit names to enclosed pledge,* and one dollar subscriptions, and we will send in return to each subscriber a copy of the history of the Woman's Rights Movement, since its national inception in 1850, by Mrs. Paulina W. Davis. In this you will get Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's first speech on woman's suffrage, and her last on marriage and divorce; the

* DECLARATION AND PLEDGE OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES CONCERNING THEIR RIGHTS TO AND THEIR USE OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

"We, the undersigned, believing that the sacred rights and privileges of citizenship in this Republic were guaranteed to us by the original Constitution, and that these rights are confirmed and more clearly established by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, so that we can no longer refuse the solemn responsibilities thereof, do hereby pledge ourselves to accept the duties of the franchise in our several States, so soon as all legal restrictions are removed.

"And believing that character is the best safe-guard of national liberty, we pledge ourselves to make the personal purity and integrity of candidates for public office the *first* test of fitness.

"And lastly, believing in God, as the Supreme Author of the American Declaration of Independence, we pledge ourselves in the spirit of that memorable Act, to work hand in hand with our fathers, husbands, and sons, for the maintenance of those equal rights on which our Republic was originally founded, to the end that it may have, what is declared to be the first condition of just government, *the consent of the governed.*"

Woodhull memorial, and the majority and minority report of Congress thereon. Mrs. Hooker's address in behalf of the National Committee to Hon. Geo. W. Julian, Hon. Judge Loughridge, and Hon. Mr. Arnell, and their reply, together with a brief synopsis of last winter's work in Washington, inaugurating the political era and the National Committee. Get fifty of these books into your town and keep them in circulation. Everybody will want to read it. With this book we will also send a tract on "legal disabilities of woman" on the moral question.

Get petitions of our women before your Legislature, and urge a hearing before their Committee; repeat it again and again, until the "male" is stricken out.

Let your women read and learn by heart the *law*, to enforce the XVth amendment, and they cannot fail to see that they are already enfranchised.

Last and most important of all they should register and vote. If not permitted the first time, it cannot change the fact that the right to vote cannot be denied women citizens any more than men citizens, and the provisions of the law to enforce one will substantiate the other. By a special act, May 1, 1871, disfranchised male citizens now hold the ballot. The ratification of the XIVth and XVth amendments by the States, gives female citizens the same right to vote. Let this be understood, and woman's political influence will be felt in East Bridgewater, in the Presidential campaign of 1872.

This is the programme of work we would recommend to all our good friends who ask, "What more can we do?" If you count the months before 1872, you will find there is no time to lose.

J. S. GRIFFING, Secretary.

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Permit me, through your columns, to give my views on two subjects now before the world, and on which our recognition, as citizens entitled to the ballot, has a right to depend. The time has now come when women *must* choose between the right and wrong, for the further advocacy of their rights, and also in order that a man-made government may reflect no discredit on our cause, and I would suggest that we choose this day whom we will serve. We cannot—nay, must not, admit as worthy of woman a principle that contains a loose view of marriage and social relations. Our path must be straight, paved only with purity of life, a determined purpose, a firm trust in our womanhood. Any other course will work discord and death to our cause. I was glad to hear at the American Suffrage Convention, resolutions passed that disconnected the doctrines of Free Love with that of suffrage. The cause will not, and never has admitted such a doctrine. Mrs. Livermore's definition of "Free Love" was my idea; any other is a false one, for we cannot dress up sin and make it clean. Her purity of life and nobility of character were, to me, the only definitions needed. If any have err'd, I wish to feel it is through blindness—because their eyes are closed to the results of such a course. I am willing to trust the majority of our leaders in this great cause for the right principles we advocate. There never lived nobler

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women—women whose lives are witnesses for their purity and integrity of purpose, and whose minds can never be charged with the theories of Free Love. When will political equality before the law be assured to us? I answer, when men see the principles of purity, love, and justice, shining out in our cause as brightly as the sun at noon-day. Do not then let us pander to a loose principle that only tends to degrade our sex, and which has worked already so much mischief. Let us stand firm against license, whether it come in the form of "Free Love" or the "Social Evil." The two being the utmost degradation of woman. Remember we hold in our hand the right (if not to-day allowed,) to the ballot, and the means to help woman out of the sloughs of sin into which man has sunk her. Shall we women help sink her deeper? God forbid! What, license evil! Say by our actions sin is legal? Do men license murder or theft? There is no murder like that of the soul; no theft like that of virtue. No, rather let us to work to throw off the shackles of sin and slavery that are eating out the heart of this great nation, and teach the oppressed a higher life, a truer purpose. I believe this to be God's solemn command to us: "Woman, set the captive free!" Do we realize what would be the power of this terrible scourge that threatens the land? Arouse, women, mothers, and wives, that your sons and husbands hold not over your heads the dagger that strikes the fatal blow. Daughters once as pure and guileless as the snow, are held subject to the brutalities, and the baser passions of man's nature; and shall the law pronounce it right? We have not done our duty in trying to avert this sin, that as the blood of Abel cries unto us from the ground. Shame upon us, women, that our voices are not raised against it, our pens not ready to wage war upon this threatened calamity. Believe not as men say, a license will keep it within bounds, and prevent its furtherance. This is only the one-sided view of the subject. Arouse, then, women of brain and will, and help to avert this great evil so fearful in its consequences, so degrading to our sex, such an outrage against God, who made us in his own image.

Yours truly, MARY W. BROWNE.

THE FALSE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

RICHLAND, MICH., May 28th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I have read your valuable paper for some time, and like the manner in which it is conducted. I have watched the rise and progress of the woman's rights movement, with a great deal of interest, and although I might differ upon some points of little, if any value at this time, in the main I am with you, heart and soul, in any work that will elevate either man or woman.

I have been interested in the discussion of the social evil question, and if you will let a brother speak, and do a little plain talking, I may perhaps give "the mothers and women of sad experiences" a few hints that may be of benefit, for it is in a great measure their fault.

All have failed to notice the main cause of this evil, and until that is removed you may legislate and license to the end of time, and you are no nearer its cure.

This trouble arises from a false education and mode of living. Children, and especially

girls, are educated too much in the basement of the brain, and too little in the upper story. Their mothers' work in the kitchen, and the girls fix themselves up in finery, and practice on the piano, and entertain beaux in the parlor, spending their time in the interval in reading sensational novels, and practicing before the glass those bewitching glances that are supposed to strike a young man's heart; but ten to one hit lower down.

Nine-tenths of the young men that are given to prostitution go from the presence of their sweethearts, or lady friends, where their passions have been excited by silly smiles and loving nonsense, aided many times by spiced food and wine, to the embrace of the courtesan.

If mothers would dress their daughters more as nature intended they should be, and less as now, false from the crown of the head to almost the sole of the foot; educate them more in household economy, and less in French and music; more in the upper story of the brain, and less in the basement; educate them to appeal more to a man's heart, through his brain, and less through his passions; give them more work and fewer fashionable parties; more science and fewer novels. In fact, give them more good common sense and less nonsense, and my word for it, they would do more to put down this social evil than all the legislation that could be done in a century of time.

Yours for the truth, A BROTHER.

INDIANA DIVORCE LAWS.

LOUISIANA, Miss., May 23, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

After the endorsement that has been given in your columns to the Indiana divorce law (amended), I hope you will allow me a word upon the other side. Indiana divorces, however crooked may be the process by which they are commonly obtained, are the only remedy for conjugal wrongs which fall outside the laws of other States, or have been condoned, (and when we remember that a single act of cohabitation establishes condonation it is manifest that the latter class may be very numerous and very gross). The miseries these wrongs produce are so cruel and so demoralizing as certainly to call for a remedy. I knew a woman who cut her throat rather than endure a marriage against which the liberal laws of Wisconsin had nothing to say. I know one in this town whose application for divorce, owing to her husband's wealth and obstinacy, is certain to be indefinitely postponed, from term to term. I know another in the same town, whom the weakness implied in legal condonation has doomed to an existence so wretched that it cannot but be short. I have seen several married women in houses of ill-fame, finding the town a better husband than one from whom the law would not release them. Surely you do not mean to say that the divorce of Mrs. McFarland reflects anything but honor on Indiana, and yet it was apparently a divorce which could not have been procured out of Indiana, could not, under the new law, be procured in Indiana, and, what is more significant than all, was probably the chief cause of the amendment. A statute which "shuts the gates of mercy" on thousands of women in precisely Mrs. McFarland's late position can only

be classed with the Fugitive Slave Law, as an example of recreancy to freedom and humanity.

Truly yours,

C. L. JAMES.

THE OPEN GATE.

I mean that the gate of summer is open wide, and we are now all invited to walk in, and partake of the bounties, the glories, the raptures of this blessed time, that is as old as the creation, and as new as the rose bud God's glowing finger shaped only yesterday.

Oh, that humanity could be attuned for one short hour to the harmonies that make the earth and sky of June musical. O, that all that is dark and wicked and miserable in man's nature could let this prodigal beauty of the generous hearted summer, this goodness and love that "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers," these June mornings penetrate the dark corners, and fill the squalid nooks and hideous by-places of human wretchedness and wrong, driving out the demons that lurk there, forever.

Benedictions fill the delicate air, and blow around our feet, and wave above our heads, and syllable themselves in clouds and sunbeams.

Think for a moment of a warm shower falling on the twinkling grass, dotting the sienna hue of the road with splashes of vandyke brown, making the little pond twinkle all over, as if millions of fairy fins were agitating its surface; slanting against the old gray green pollards by the duck stream; brightening the ancient red paint upon the farm-house gable; running merrily out of the spouts and leaders; filling the great hogshead there by the shed door; pouring off the backs of the patient oxen in the barn-yard; drawing a line of mist as with a moist finger across the feathery woodland; sucking up the steaming furrows of the ploughed ground as with sponge, and pelting the white roses that sway against the porch.

Suddenly the clouds grow luminous, part at the edges, roll back in soft, vast masses against the ineffable blue. The sun breaks out, and a thousand sparkles dance and quiver and gleam all over the world. There is the road like brown velvet to the horses feet, with mud puddles that are actually beautiful. The bramble bushes by the wayside are loaded down with gems brighter than diamonds, every blade of grass is strung with exquisite drops, and the old red farm house, with its duck pond and knotty pollards, where life is as common-place and hum-drum as in most places, still looks with its shining windows and white roses as if it had been bodily taken up, like the house of our Lady of Loretto, and brought over from Paradise.

As I step through this open gate into all the rapture and fullness of enjoyment that bounteous summer offers, I think of convicts in their cells, of miners under ground, of all who toil in dark and noisome places, of the poor who live herded in pestilent city streets; and I should be exceedingly sorrowful did I not believe that there is an open gate somewhere, even for these, that leads into God's warm, bright summer-land.

—A bill giving married women their separate earnings has been passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature.

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LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamp. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3095, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and \$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
" 12 "	\$34, a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10 "	\$20, a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
10 "	\$20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10 "	\$20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9 "	\$18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
9 "	\$18, one dozen silver plated Forks.
" 9 "	\$18, silver plated Teapot.
" 9 "	\$18, one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7 "	\$14, one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6 "	\$12, silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6 "	\$12, " Butter Dish.
" 5 "	\$10, one linen damask Table Cloth.
3 "	\$6, one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
3 "	\$6, Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
" "	\$4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2 "	\$4, silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF VENICE.

GUALBERTA ALAIDE BECCARI.

VENICE, ITALY, May 15, 1871.

The country parson in those "Recreations" of his which were so popular both in England and America, declared that the doctrine of the ancients, that "a sound mind in a sound body" was necessary to accomplish great things, though well enough in theory, did not hold good in fact, as the greater part of the work of this world was and had always been performed by "screws."

He further defined "screws" as people always of unsound body, and sometimes, also, of unsound mind, and cited a mighty cloud of witnesses of screws of this sort in the shades of the great men and women of the past to whom the world is indebted for its noblest thoughts and highest achievements, as proving his assertion.

Milton, Byron, Isaac Newton, Pope, Coleridge, Mrs. Browning, are a few among the many whom he instance as having accomplished, with feeble and unsound bodies, far more than any Samson or Hercules for this world's good.

It was an ingenious and interesting essay, and we were forcibly reminded of it by our visit in Venice to Signorina Beccari, the editor of *La Donna*, the first woman's rights paper published in Italy.

This lady is a confirmed invalid. For twenty-three years she has been a victim to a spinal malady, which makes it impossible for her to take a single step unaided, and, in fact, she is carried from one room to another.

It was a pitiful sight to see her enter the room with arms around her mother and maid, by whom she was almost wholly supported as she was half-lifted, half-dragged in to meet us.

But when she was once placed upon a sofa and began to converse with us, the first sad impression vanished; for her face does not bear the traces of the suffering she has undergone. She is pale, to be sure, but hers is not the sickly pallor of disease; she has only the delicacy of complexion which her close confinement to the house would naturally give. Her face is oval in shape, her features regular, her eyes full of vivacity, her black hair, glossy, abundant, and curling, and altogether she has a most pleasing and attractive physiognomy—a face full of intelligence and benevolence.

Once in a while an involuntary change of countenance, or a half unconscious pressure of her hand on her aching spine, betrays the constant pain to which Miss Beccari is a victim.

But in spite of her suffering and in spite of her narrow means, for by the death of the father, Miss Beccari and her mother were left almost without pecuniary resources, this girl, with indomitable courage, has undertaken to sow the seed which must, like all seed-grains of truth, spring up into an abundant harvest of future benefit to her sex.

From her sick room Alaide Beccari exerts an influence more wide-spread and more beneficent than many a woman in health and surrounded by every comfort and luxury that wealth can afford.

The courage and energy of this invalid woman in her effort to secure a livelihood and personal independence for herself and her mother, by the establishment of a journal, is worthy of all praise.

Many a person would have been utterly crushed under the weight of the accumulated misfortunes which have fallen upon this girl. Loss of property, the death of male relatives upon whom she had depended for support, and a malady that made her almost helpless came upon her in quick succession, and yet, nothing daunted, she set about retrieving, as best she could, her fallen fortunes.

She wrote plays for the theatres, which were successful, but this work bringing her into close contact with actresses and other women who had their own livelihood to gain, made her feel more and more strongly the great need of education, and the many disabilities from which her sex suffered.

She resolved to do what she could to help others as well as herself, and the first thing to be done was to draw the attention of society to the needs of the class whom she wished to serve.

The establishment of her paper *La Donna*—i.e., Woman, was her first step in this direction. It is a unique feature of this journal that women alone contribute to its pages. No masculine pen is allowed to enter these columns. It is in every sense of the word a wo-

man's paper. Among its correspondents there are ladies of rank, marchionesses, poetesses, women of all conditions, and of all different shades of opinion. The catholicity of its editorial management, and the fact that women alone write for it, has made the journal popular in Italy. It has been established only three years, but it has a very respectable subscription list for this country, though it would be a small one for America, and country exchanges help to disseminate its ideas still more widely.

It advocates with spirit and zeal the "emancipation of woman," as the woman question is christened in the old world—and this includes all the demands made by the pioneers of Woman's Rights in America. Not only civil equality with man but equal educational and social privileges; in short, an equal chance in the world for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," which liberal Thomas Jefferson claimed as the right, not of one-half the race, but of all humanity.

It will be a long time, probably, before the justice of these demands of woman will be recognized by the world, perhaps still longer before they will be accorded her.

But it is a hopeful sign that all round the globe is felt the stir of one common impulse of unrest among the women who have everywhere been hampered by the unnatural and absurd conventionalities which are the result of a false theory of their inferiority to man.

The truth is beginning to dawn upon the world that as God made but one code of laws for both men and women, society can not do better than to follow that august example.

The lesson of this fundamental principle is already at work, and however distant the time may be, it will assuredly come, when the whole social fabric will be transformed by its influence into more natural and purer conditions.

THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this association was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 29th and 30th of May. There were some good speeches made, and in spite of the warm weather which disinclines people from coming together with one accord, the exercises appear to have fairly quickened the languid pulses of our Boston friends.

Mrs. Lucy Stone called the first session to order, and Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker followed with an address, in which she claimed that political duties and responsibilities pertain to women as naturally as to men. The problem of the temperance reform, as affected by legislation, requires the co-operative effort, and the joint counsel of men and women. The Republican machinery of the State is designed to be run by two great engines.

The votes of women, as affecting the question of the Bible in schools, as affecting the question of what is known as the social evil, and the question of education would be potential for good.

Mrs. Howe, who is President of the association, came in at the close of Mrs. Hooker's remarks, and addressed the meeting in a lengthy and able speech. She said that Richard Haydon, the English artist, before beginning a work of art, used to record such a prayer as this: "I pray the Lord that this picture may prove to be the greatest picture ever produced in England."

The Revolution.

In like manner she had it in her heart to pray that this Convention might be the best ever held in America. She hoped their proceedings would show the growth which past opportunities of association could bring into the ways and works of women. She said:

"Let us work together with rejoicing. We who are held to have no voice save for nursery-song, kitchen-scolding, or curtain-lecture, we will rock the world to peace with our mother music, we will shame the slothful servants of the commonwealth by our wholesome sharpness, and all mankind, as one dutiful husband, shall give ear to that judicial wisdom, that careful and delicate correction, which the best husband invites from the best wife, and which has its result in the best ordered household."

Speaking of the guests and strangers present, she remarked:

"There are some women here, not of our own community, whose names have become representative. I must mention them in order that you may lovingly recognize their merits and their presence. There is one whom I may characterize as a pleasing variety of the Beecher family—Miss Isabella Beecher Hooker, well known to you by her own merits, as well as by those of the relatives whose fortunate fame she shares. There is Mrs. Hazlitt, President of the N. W. Woman Suffrage Association. She will tell us of high and stately communities, who are to sit with us in the church of the future. She will tell us that the question we are met to study is not a question of the East, but of the West also, and of all society. She will speak to us in the larger music of the lakes and prairies. She may find us small and provincial, but she will find us friends. Here, too, is Mrs. Wilbour, President of the New York Sorosis, a society whose mysterious name has occasioned much speculation, but whose good aim and spirit are making themselves felt as a power of help among women."

Mrs. Howe defined a Convention as a Court of Appeals for women. She deplored the absorption of the sex in frivolous aims, fashion, and vanity, and said that it seemed to her as if Christ, to-day, went about among women, and said, "Follow me, and I will give you something worth doing."

Monday's exercises closed with a spicy speech from Grace Greenwood.

On Tuesday, addresses were made by Mrs. Lucy Stone, the Hon. Charles Slack, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Grace Greenwood, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Margaret Lucas, sister of John and Jacob Bright, of England, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, and Mrs. Celia Burleigh. Mrs. Mott was received with enthusiasm, and as she stepped forward a beautiful basket of flowers was placed on the table for her. She urged her friends there present not to attempt to contradict the slanders of the press, but to go calmly on with the good work which had been so nobly begun.

Mrs. Lucas gave an outline of what the advocates of woman suffrage are doing in England. Her countrywomen, she declared, are thoroughly roused on the subject of suffrage, and are fighting a great fight on the licensing of vice. She hoped American women would keep their eyes open on this subject, for it was the ground-work of all their misery. The Rev. Mr. Bowles maintained that the responsibility and obligation of voting was now upon every woman, and he could not understand how an intelligent religious woman could feel that God approved her conduct until she had written her name on a petition for woman suffrage, and induced other women to do the same.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour thought that women had a right to vote under the Constitution, without depending on any one of the amendments; that they ought to vote under

the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, and had a right to demand the addition of a sixteenth.

The Hon. Henry Wilson hoped the women of the country would accept no snap judgments; that they would not accept any sort of political management, or promise of anything of the kind. This victory is to be achieved by an appeal to the higher and better sentiment of the mind of the nation.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh protested against the unfair distribution of the world's work. She was sick of the sentimentalism that required men to work hard to support their daughters in gaudy dress, in a fashionable quarter for the sake of appearances. Woman would not be wholly herself until allowed the sole control of the tenement God put her in, free from exposure to the fumes of narcotic poisons and alcohol in her household, and marriage had again become the compact that it was originally.

On Monday, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell presented a long list of resolutions, and the day following they came up for discussion. The first and second are as follows:

Whereas, "Governments derive" one-half of "their just powers from the consent of the governed" woman; and whereas, one-half of "all political power resides originally in the people," who are women, "and is derived from them;" and whereas the "taxation" of women, "without representation is tyranny;" and whereas, the women of New England are governed without consent, and taxed without representation, therefore,

Resolved, That we demand suffrage for the women of New England as their right, and protest against their disfranchisement as a relic of barbarism.

Whereas, Article 2, of the Federal Constitution expressly provides that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislatures thereof may direct, the electors for President and Vice-President of the United States," and, whereas, the Constitutions of the several New England States contain no restriction upon the exercise of this power by the Legislatures; therefore,

Resolved, That we call upon the Woman Suffragists of New England to organize without delay, for the purpose of obtaining from our respective State Legislatures next winter, an act authorizing women to vote upon the same terms and qualifications as men in the Presidential election of 1872.

Mr. H. B. Blackwell favored the second resolution. He spoke of the tie vote in the House of Representatives which was made a majority against the suffragists by the casting vote of Hon. Harvey Jewell, and predicted that if they obtained a bare majority in both branches of the Legislature next winter, Massachusetts women would vote for President in 1872.

Mr. Charles Remond did not see the necessity of deprecating the suffrage awarded to the negro, as he frequently heard from the Temple platform, and protested against the insinuation that the negro had received the right of franchise too early because it had not been given to women at the same time.

Mr. Blackwell replied that in the comparisons he had made he merely intended to state facts, and not to reflect upon the ignorance of the negro, whom he considered as the victim of white oppression.

The third and fourth resolutions were passed without discussion. We give them as follows:

3. Resolved, That we deplore and condemn the general inaction of our New England Senators and Representatives in Congress, in reference to enfranchising the Women of the District of Columbia and of the Territories, and in regard to a Sixteenth Constitutional Amendment, as disgraceful to themselves and derogatory to the honor of New England.

4. Resolved, That we thank the Hon. B. F. Butler for his Congressional report in favor of woman's right to vote, also the Hon. George W. Julian for his Woman Suffrage amendment to the District bill; also the 55 Representatives who voted in its favor.

The eleventh resolution repudiating all connection with Free Love or other social theories, the same as the one passed at Steinway Hall, was opposed by Mrs. Mott and the Rev. Mr. Brunce, and sustained by Mrs. Livermore. Mr. Robinson ("Warrington" of the Springfield *Republican*) said the beauty of the resolution was in its vagueness, and he admired it on that account. The resolution was finally passed.

The evening meeting was addressed by Stephen S. Foster, Mrs. Adele Hazlett, President of the Northwestern Suffrage Association, and the Hon. Thomas S. Russell. Before the meeting adjourned the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Julie Ward Howe.

Vice-Presidents—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, James Freeman Clarke, Sarah Shaw Russell, Lucy Goddard, Samuel E. Sewall, Lillian Emerson, Phebe A. Hanaford, Rhoda Peck of Providence, Harriet K. Hunt of Boston, James Hutchinson, Jr., of West Randolph, Vt., Armelia L. White of Concord, N. H., Louisa M. Alcott of Concord, Mass., Lydia Maria Child of Wayland, John Weiss of Watertown, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Francis W. Bird, Caroline Remond Putnam of Salem, Rev. Amory Battles of Bangor.

Recording Secretary—Charles K. Whipple of Boston.
Treasurer—E. D. Draper of Boston.

—THE REVOLUTION office was lately favored with a very agreeable visit from Miss Annie E. MacDowell, of Philadelphia. This lady has been well known in journalistic circles for twenty-five years as editor and writer. She is now on the editorial staff of the *Sunday Republic*, of Philadelphia, and renders her department the most interesting feature of the paper. Her articles on labor, prison reform, insane asylums, and kindred subjects in the *Sunday Dispatch*, with which, until lately, she was connected, attracted wide attention for their thorough and exhaustive treatment. Miss MacDowell's long connection with the press has given her command of a multitude of facts which she uses with great skill, for the elucidation of her subject, and although she has never been an outspoken advocate of woman suffrage, she is heart and soul in the work of female labor and education, and other branches of the great reform for the elevation of woman. As we have before stated in THE REVOLUTION, Miss MacDowell is the pioneer woman editor in the country. Twenty years or more ago, she started in the city of brotherly love the first woman's paper, called the *Woman's Advocate*, on which the work of all kinds, type setting, etc., was done by women. In those early days a woman compositor was a *rara avis*, and Miss MacDowell not being able to find a male printer in Philadelphia who would consent to instruct women, imported one from the *Liberator* office in Boston, and heroically pursued her scheme amid the immense difficulties which the inexperience and incompetency of her employees involved, and also the various small petty persecutions she experienced from printers of the opposite sex. Miss MacDowell has bent all her talents and energies to the services of her sisters, and deserves abundant honor and pecuniary reward.

—Over 20,000 copies of "Little Men" were ordered by the trade before publication.

The Revolution.

THE BRAIN OF THE SEX.

We often see the whole subject of woman suffrage settled and put under hatches, as it were, in the columns of newspapers, by the declaration that when women want the suffrage they shall have it. The apathy of women themselves to the benefits of the ballot is continually dinned in our ears as the greatest drawback to female enfranchisement. Our magnanimous critics would treat one-half of the human family as they treat a trained dog, making him "speak" before he gets his morsel of meat.

We do not pretend to deny that the masses of women are apathetic on the subject of suffrage. There are sundry and divers reasons why they should be so, and we are always prepared to face the actual facts, and own the truth. We do however deny the right and justice of restrictions that prevent one woman from voting, who wants to vote, although ninety and nine indifferent ones may acknowledge their stupid indifference, or refuse to make use of their privileges when accorded.

Judged by numbers, the woman's rights women may be in the minority; judged by brains, culture, and genius, they are in the majority. Somebody, Burke we believe, once said that now and then one man is worth a million; we are almost ready to say that a Julia Ward Howe, or a Lydia Maria Child is worth a million of the frivolous and weak minded of her sex. The *Independent*, not long ago, shrewdly put the whole subject into a nut shell, when it said that though the women who dance the German are against female suffrage, those who translate German are in the main for it.

There is nothing more interesting and significant in the history of woman's rights than the rapidity with which the ranks of the suffragists have been reinforced by literary women. The movement was inaugurated by a different order of women. Those John Baptists of the cause had no time to dally with romance; the realities of life were too exacting and too bitter. They had neither the inclination nor the power to indite poetry, for the prose of life was hard lines which they had learned by heart. What there was to say must get itself said in the plainest, bluntest, least equivocal way. No reform in its period of conflict has ever coquetted much with fancy.

Our early apostles of woman's rights who went about proclaiming the new gospel, belonged neither to the graces nor the muses, but they were heroines who will find their exceeding great reward in the reverence of mankind.

The second decade of this movement has witnessed the conversion of many women belonging wholly to literature. Frances Power Cobb, perhaps the brightest female intelligence in England, was a few years ago, if not hostile to the whole subject, at least indifferent, and she owes her conversion to an active, wide awake partisanship, to the venerable Rev. Samuel J. May.

Here in our own country, where the cause has not had the same prestige of wealth and high position thrown around it, which owing to the many restrictions of franchise in the mother country, have there given it marked respectability and solidarity so to speak, the

last ten years have brought a little army of female writers into our ranks. Many who would not speak or even write on the question, still have their sympathies heartily enlisted in its behalf. We believe we can fairly claim that those female writers who are not openly against us, are silently for us. Julia Ward Howe came only a few years since, with the inspiration of the Battle Hymn of Freedom glowing on her lips, and made a beautiful life consecration of her glorious genius to this work of helping, sustaining, comforting, and instructing her sex.

Our beloved Alice Cary was always a far sighted advocate of the rights of woman, and the powerful story which she began in THE REVOLUTION months ago, would undoubtedly had she lived to finish it have touched some of the deepest, though least obvious wrongs of the sex, with a delicate, tender, but firm hand. Mrs. Stowe is not understood to oppose the reform in its larger aspect, although she may not be in sympathy with all the methods of action which have been adopted. Grace Greenwood and many younger female writers could be named who are heart and soul in the work, and it seems indisputable that woman suffrage possesses the head of the sex, although the body may still be adverse to the whole question. As ideas in the long run always rule, there is nothing more encouraging to the friends of women than the amount of intelligence which our cause represents.

MALE COURTESY.

There are people who are constantly propounding the rather stale conundrum: Why is it that courtesy toward women is on the decline? Doubtless similar questions were asked in the age of Sidney and Raleigh, and have been asked all the way between, and will continue to harrow the souls of coming generations.

Nobody stops to ask what courtesy really is? What part of the conventional notions concerning it we can afford to spare? To be sure, no high-bred knight, now-a-days, throws down his velvet cloak in a mud-puddle, to save a queen's feet from a wetting; common sense says let the queen get a pair of gum shoes. The man who performed that fine dramatic act, let us remember, was something of a filibuster, not over nice or scrupulous, and whose common conversation would be no doubt an offense to a modern woman's ears.

Let us not forget, either, that while—and long after—good Queen Bess and Sir Walter were posturing in that pretty way, English maids and wives were whipped at the cart's tail, plunged into horse-ponds, on ducking stools, and burned and hanged as witches.

Some of the ages—the days of knight-errantry, for instance—most celebrated for this vaunted woman worship, are stained with the blackest crimes and horrors practiced toward the sex. We are glad that this false and pestilent idea of chivalry, which could attempt to compensate womankind for cruel wrongs by a sonnet made "to a lady's eyebrow," or the stilted affectations of euphemism have passed away never to return. No longer is woman satisfied with a scant measure of justice, allowing the deficiency in her account with man to be balanced by the froth of sentimentalism, and the scum of flattery.

We are willing to allow that part of courtesy based wholly on the idea of feminine weakness and helplessness to decline. If a woman can stand in a horse car just as well as a man we do not consider the fact that the man allows her to stand a mark of the utter and entire degeneracy of the age. If a woman's arms are strong enough to carry her own bundles (and would that such were the case with all women) why, in the name of wonder, should she not carry them, and rejoice in the ability to help herself? It is a totally false idea that womanly self-helpfulness is unfeminine and we are glad it is destined to be overthrown.

The taunt is often cast in our faces, that woman's rights has killed courtesy. Our modern Adonis goes to a lecture, and sees a woman upon a platform, and the halo disappears from around the sex. Ichibod is written all over the female world. Now it is a little strange that Adonis should for years have been in the habit of witnessing the performances of actresses, dancing women, and singing women upon the boards without danger of his respect for the sex going into a decline. He can witness the display of Tostees, half clad, and lose none of this deference for womankind, but Anna Dickinson, modestly attired, in her inspired part of Joan of Arc fills him with untold disgust.

It is said again, that a man cannot meet a woman in business daily and feel for her the same respect that he would entertain were she ignorant of all the concerns of the world, set apart in her parlor for purposes of small talk and scandal. The whole gist of these arguments is that many men deem only those women worthy of delicate and polite attentions who are helpless and useless simpletons, too weak to hold themselves upright, and ready to cling to any male being that comes along. Thus runs it: a man cannot be deferential to a woman if she knows anything, nor if she does anything.

This sort of deference we pronounce bogus. It belongs to Lothario who, reeking in vices, comes into the presence of a simpering, empty-headed human doll to kiss her hand, and murmur stale compliments and platitudes.

All this ridiculous, old-fashioned twaddle, all these unnecessary bowings and scrapings are dying out of society, and society is much sincerer and better for the change in manners. Much of that parade and fuss by which men formerly manifested what they called deference towards the fair sex, was false and shallow, no deeper than the finger tips. Sensible women will not bemoan the loss of it, and if there are no men found to show them reverence because perchance, they believe a woman's brain was made to think with; a woman's hand to work with; a woman's feet to stand on, all in right womanly fashion, why then these women must manage to exist without such tokens. All the deferential observances that any man, claiming to be a gentleman, can afford to forego towards the sex to which his mother belongs, the sex can afford to spare. If the decay of male courtesy means that men have grown utterly piggish and self-indulgent, then so much the worse for creation's lords. Women who dare to disobey Miss Austen's maxim, where she proclaims that if a woman knows anything she should studiously conceal it; women who are brave enough to think and speak and act, can well afford to pick up their own handkerchiefs,

shawl and cloak themselves, and hand themselves into their own carriages.

We do not, however, think so meanly of men as to believe that one jot or tittle of true courtesy has been lost to the world. We are perfectly willing to let common sense and right feeling govern the manners of one sex to the other; neither are we in the least afraid, as some people from their wailing seem to be, that romance can ever die out of life. What we want are

"High thoughts erected in a soul
of courtesy."

rather than the absurdities of a superfluous external observance of courtesy. We believe that as women become more worthy of respect and reverence they will win it; exactly in proportion as they progress will the standard of manners rise.

Miscellany.

THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION OF BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn, among other excellent things, owns a society of true-hearted women, who have banded themselves together to work for the cause of temperance. The report of the Secretary, Miss Lizzie Meacham, shows that much good has been accomplished by this brave association during the past year, and points the way to women in other cities and towns, where rum is rampant, of organizing on the same useful plan.

It is now pretty generally conceded that the work of temperance reform, for the future, lies, to a large extent, in the hands of women, and this Brooklyn society shows how the machinery is to be set in motion. Nine Bands of Hope, as they are called, have been formed in connection with various mission schools and churches. Festivals, called tea meetings, have been held in connection with a number of these, where mothers, especially, and their children are gathered in and made to feel in their wretchedness, the warmth of human sympathy. At these admirable social gatherings, fervent speeches are delivered by the ladies of the society who thus come heart to heart with the class they are trying to save.

The main efforts of these devout women for the salvation of the fallen, are directed to the children, who imbibing a horror of rum, from the effects of it which they witness and endure in their squalid homes, become ardent champions of temperance, and are the most effectual means of grace to their parents. The value of social gatherings, cold-water songs, and the power of the pledge, are all recognized by this association of women, and have brought forth good fruit.

A rock of offense is said to be the physicians prescription among the wealthier classes, and social drinking allowed, if not encouraged, by ladies. The members of this association set their whole strength against the latter practice, and appeal to their countrywomen to banish wine from the refreshment-table on New Year's day, and all other festive occasions. An instance is cited from among the victims of rum belonging to the higher classes of a clergyman, honored and beloved, who was forced to leave his church because of the ineptitude of his wife, and the report before us leaves the impression upon the mind that the newspaper stories afloat, concerning the

intemperate habits of highly respectable ladies, have more than a fabrication to rest on.

We copy from the official document, the following pathetic story, which shows what power children have to redeem dissipated parents:

"A devoted wife and mother was so cruelly treated by her husband, while under the influence of strong drink, that she feared he would take her life. At last it was thought advisable by her best friends that she should leave him, and find a home with her mother in the country, taking her children with her. Her husband accompanied them as far as the depot where they were to take the cars. As he parted from a dear little girl only three years old, she put her arms around his neck, and said: 'Papa, be a good man, and don't drink any more; if you do you can't go to heaven; Jesus won't love you, and Bella won't love you.' The words of the little girl did what the entreaties of older persons had failed to do. He wept bitterly and returned to his home almost broken-hearted. He could not rest; a few days after he borrowed a little money and determined to follow them, and begin a new life away from city temptations. His money was not sufficient, and he was obliged to walk the last twenty miles through a deep snow. His family gave him a kind welcome, and encouraged him in his efforts to reform. He soon obtained employment where he now supports his family in comfort. A letter received from him to-day states that he has not tasted one drop of liquor since he left Brooklyn."

We extend, most heartily, the right hand of fellowship to the good women who are so earnestly striving to depose King Alcohol in our sister city, recognizing their work as the noblest that can belong to any human being—that of lifting the fallen, strengthening the weak, saving the lost sheep, and bringing back the wanderer to the path of duty and moral rectitude.

WHAT IS A TRUE LADY?

BY MARY HERN—A WOMAN'S RIGHTS GIRL OF THIRTEEN.

The basis of a *true* lady's character is principle, and the key note to it will be—B natural. She will act herself, and be independent of her male relatives, and earn her own living, if need be. She will not color her hair or face—neither will she paint, pad, or powder. For she will know, that the Lord knew how to finish his work; and for that reason neither will she lace herself, to death.

She will not wear a breast-pin that costs a hundred dollars, and then snarl at her seamstress for asking "fifty cents too much" for making that "Irish poplin or French silk." Nor upon any consideration will she meddle with another woman's business, but strictly attend to her own. A true lady will dispense with dead people's hair, and content herself with her own.

She is not one of those exaggerating women who say, "My shoes are a mile too long," or if anything unusual occurs, exclaims: O, horrors! "Ain't it awful!" "That's dreadful!" She will not be a woman, that will run between two other women, telling what they have said about each other; nor will she repeat anything bad she may hear about an-

other, for it may be false, and hurt her reputation and feelings, and cause the teller to have an enemy.

Nor will she put her whole mind to trying to dress better, than another. She will not pet poodle dogs, with little children in the nursery needing her attention. Neither will she turn the poor and needy from her door; but will do all in her power to relieve their necessities. A true lady will not spend half her time reading "Dime Novels," "The Chimney Corner" or any such trash; but will use that time, visiting or tending the poor, sick and needy, and use the "dimes" that would go for such reading, to help mitigate their sufferings. A true lady keeps herself neat, and does what she can to make her home neat and comfortable.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

The artist Darley can discover but little beauty among the lower order of Italian women. He says "their features are not regular, and their complexions, even among young girls, are sallow, with no warmth of color in the cheek. They very often, however, have wonderfully fine eyes, and a certain vivacity and grace of manner, which, if combined with a liberal use of soap and water, would make them quite charming. The old women—and they are very old at forty—are simply hideous; their mahogany-colored faces bashed with a thousand wrinkles, looking not unlike a muddy, wheel-furrowed road. I remember being particularly struck with one of these antique dames on the road to Rome. There was nothing effeminate about her but her dress; she was as dark as one of our Indian women, her features bold, masculine, and repulsively ugly; her small, bead-like eyes almost lost under her grizzled brows, and her wrinkled lips coming together like a tightly-drawn purse, over two discolored fang-like teeth. With one hand she led a cow by a rope, to drink from a little stream that ran sparkling under an arch, while the other held her distaff and spindle. The gay colors of her dress, the scarlet handkerchief about her head, her blue bodice, with the gray stone bridge and purple hills beyond, in spite of the hideousness of the poor old woman, made a most admirable 'bit' for the pencil."

CATS.

A writer in *Appleton's Journal* collates the proverbs, superstitions, and curious facts about cats. This extract may save some mother's worry: "A common superstition charges cats with sucking the breath of infants, thereby causing their death by strangulation. This is a false accusation, as pussy's mouth is so formed anatomically that she would not be able to do so sanguinary a deed did she wish it. Instances are on record where cats have crawled into a cradle or a bed, and lain down on an infant's face, not probably with any criminal intent, though children have been found dead under such circumstances, but purely for the sake of the warmth of the infant's body and clothing."

—An old Connecticut lady, who was very much troubled by the prospect of the introduction of gas into her village and the consequent disuse of whale oil, asked with much earnestness: "What is to become of the poor whales?"

The Revolution.

The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name thought too ungenteel to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

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